

The other day, someone at a store in our town read that a methamphetamine lab had been found in an old farmhouse in the adjoining county. He asked me a rhetorical question, "Why didn't we have a drug problem when you and I were growing up?"

I replied that I did have a drug problem when I was young:

I was drug to church on Sunday morning.

I was drug to church for weddings and funerals.

I was drug to family reunions and community socials no matter the weather.

I was drug by my ears when I was disrespectful to adults.

I was drug to the woodshed when I disobeyed my parents, told a lie, brought home a bad report card, did not speak with respect, spoke ill of the teacher or the preacher, or if I didn't put forth my best effort in everything that was asked of me.

I was drug to the kitchen sink to have my mouth washed out with soap if I uttered a profanity.

I was drug out to pull weeds in mom's garden and flower beds and cockleburrs out of dad's fields.

I was drug to the homes of family, friends, and neighbors to help some poor soul who had no one to mow the yard, repair the clothesline, or chop some firewood. And if my mother had ever known that I took a single dime as a tip for this kindness, she would have drug me back to the woodshed.

Those drugs are still in my veins, and they affect my behavior in everything I do, say, and think. They are stronger than cocaine, crack, or heroin; and if today's children had this kind of drug problem, America would be a better place to live.

God bless the parents who drugged us!